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William Hunter
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AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN CHAUNCEY PLACE CHURCH,

BEFORE

THE YOUNG MEN OF BOSTON,

AUGUST 2, 1826,

IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

Death of Adams and Jefferson.

—
BY SAMUEL L. KNAPP.
—

BOSTON:

INGRAHAM AND HEWES....PRINTERS,

No. 14, State Street.

.....
1826.

TO SAMUEL L. KNAPP, ESQ.

DEAR SIR....In communicating to you the following vote, permit me at the same time to assure you, that, in kindly yielding to the application of the Committee to assume the task of which you have so acceptably acquitted yourself, at a notice so very short as would have probably defeated their application in any other quarter, your services have acquired an additional value in the consideration of the Committee, and those they have had the honor to represent.

I am, Sir, your obliged friend and humble servant,

JOHN W. JAMES.

At a Meeting of the Committee of Arrangements of the Young Men of Boston, on the 3d of August, 1826:

Voted, That the Chairman be instructed to present the thanks of the Committee of Arrangements to SAMUEL L. KNAPP, Esq. for the Address delivered by him on the 2d inst. and to request a copy thereof for the press.

ANSWER.

DEAR SIR....It would have been pleasant to me to have had more time to devote to the subject of commemorating such characters as those of our late Ex-Presidents, Adams and Jefferson; but your call was to me imperious, for it appeared one of affectionate confidence, and I did not hesitate a moment to obey it. If you think that these sketches of mine will bear to be exhibited with the elaborate portraits which will be presented to the world by numerous artists in every part of our country, they are at your service. I shall leave them as they are, not having leisure, at this time, to finish or correct them.

With affection and respect, your friend and humble servant,

SAMUEL L. KNAPP.

GIFT
ESTATE OF
WILLIAM C. RIVES
APRIL, 1940

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ADDRESS.

It is recorded of an orator of antiquity, that when he was about to speak in public, he addressed a prayer to the gods, 'that not a word might unawares escape him, unsuitable to the occasion.' Be that prayer in my liturgy this day.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF BOSTON:

I come at your request, not with a basket of sweet-scented flowers, to deck the bier of virgin loveliness fallen with a broken heart; nor to raise loud lamentations over the youthful warrior, sleeping in his shroud; or to breathe a people's feverish despondency at the sudden death of a great man, taken from us in the midst of usefulness, while the cares of a nation were upon him. But to lead you to meditate at the grave of two departed patriarchs, who, having borne the heat and burden of the day, and enjoyed in repose the cool of the evening of life, quietly sunk to rest, full of *'immortal longings.'*

To commemorate the illustrious dead, is a dictate of nature, and has been the practice in all ages, especially amongst an enlightened people;

who, fearful that the fleeting breath of praise would not be sufficient to preserve the names of their great men, erected tombs, monuments and pyramids, to perpetuate the fame of those who had benefitted mankind. The Egyptians sat in judgment upon those who died, and decreed the sort of burial and sarcophagus the deceased had merited. From this people came the most rational disposition of departed souls that ever imagination formed, and one which revelation has since in part sanctioned. The Athenians not only pronounced funeral orations and publicly mourned individuals as they deceased, but once a year held a solemn festival in honor of the *mighty dead*. The Romans were still more careful to pay funeral honors where they were deserved. Every great man had his orator to speak at his funeral, from Junius Brutus to Julius Cæsar, and the memory of their virtues was preserved by the balmy breath of friendship and love. The Holy Bible, to which we turn for precepts and examples, abounds with eulogies on the dead. The Psalmist of Israel pronounced an imperishable panegyric upon the untimely fate of Saul and Jonathan, in which their virtues only were named in the hallowed strain of affection; other things were left to the chronicles of the day. This was not the momentary burst of grief, but was intended for permanent effect. It was an epic record of the virtues of '*the mighty who had fallen*,' 'the

measure of which he ordered to be taught to the children of Judah.'

In a republic like ours it is peculiarly proper to pay funeral honors to those who assisted in giving us freedom and fame. Their reputation is identified with our national history, and it can never be fully understood without an acquaintance with the motives, the talents and deeds of our fathers.

The actors in our revolutionary conflict have been falling away, one after another, like the leaves of autumn, until the number left were but few, and those scattered through the country. The list of our provincial congress is nearly a full starred catalogue, and of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but three only remained when the fiftieth year had come, and the jubilee was sounded through the land. On that memorable day, demonstrations of joy were extended through a great and happy country—twelve millions of people raised their united voices to God, in gratitude and thanksgiving for all his manifold kindnesses to our nation, and for preserving the lives of three venerable patriarchs, who had survived to see the prosperity of their country, after half a hundred years from the hour of doubt and danger in which they were called to act. The festivities and the day were ended—the next morning's sun arose—the public knell was struck—and the cry was, that the Sage of Quincy died yesterday. Singular occurrence! Wonderful

event! What a happy hour in which to leave the world!—were the ejaculations from every tongue. The mathematician was calculating the chances of such a death, the superstitious viewed it as miraculous, and the judicious saw in the event the hand of that Providence, without whose notice *not a sparrow falls to the ground*. While this knell was still vibrating on our ears, and wonder was still sitting on the countenances of all, that death-note was struck again; it came from city to city on the southern breeze, and told a tale of still greater wonder—that at the noon-tide of the jubilee, the angel of death had summoned the great philosopher and philanthropist of Monticello to immortality. The hand of God was seen by all; and a whole people are now falling upon their knees to acknowledge HIM the wise ruler of the universe, who in the midst of his chastenings, shows his love for the beings he has created; and we are now at the altar, as it were, with the ashes of these patriarchs before us, to express our gratitude that they lived so long and expired as they did.

At the funeral solemnities we can do but little more than show a few of the garments the deceased made for a naked land, and pluck, as we follow the funeral car, a sprig or two of evergreen to drop into the fresh made grave; and as the earth closes over them, put down a head and a foot stone, in order to show the future architect

where to place the monument, when the materials shall be collected for the purpose. It is seldom that the mourner at the grave writes the inscription on the marble that covers it.

Only one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence now survives—the venerable Charles Carroll, of Maryland, is the last of that sacred band. But he is not alone in the world, for millions claim kindred to him, and new-born generations wear him in their hearts, and support him in their arms; and if their prayers can avail, he will tarry a little longer, to receive the affectionate attentions of a grateful people.

But, however, to show the justice of the praise we may bestow, it is necessary to narrate some of the events of their lives, but is impossible, in a short discourse, at this time, to do but little more than go from date to date in their annals, and to offer a few remarks as we pass along; leaving it to the future historian and biographer to delineate their characters with the minuteness the subjects demand.

John Adams was born at Quincy, then a part of Braintree, October 19th, 1735. He was educated at Harvard University, and graduated in 1755. While at college, he was distinguished for all those characteristics which mark the future great man. His learned and evangelical friend and classmate, the Rev. Dr. Hemmenway, often spoke of the honesty, openness and decision of

character which he displayed while an undergraduate, and illustrated his opinions by numerous anecdotes. From Cambridge he went to Worcester, and for a time instructed in the grammar school in that town; and studied the profession of the law with Mr. Putnam, a barrister of eminence. By him he was introduced to the celebrated Jeremy Gridley, then Attorney General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. At the first interview they became friends. Gridley at once proposed Mr. Adams for admission to the bar of Suffolk, and took him into special favor. Soon after his admission, Mr. Gridley led his young friend into a private chamber, with an air of secrecy, and pointing to a book case, said, sir, there is the secret of my eminence, and of which you may avail yourself if you please. It was a pretty good collection of treatises on the civil law, with the institutes of Justinian. It was, indeed, a field which had not been very widely opened to the lawyers of the day. In this place Mr. Adams spent his days and nights, until he made himself a good master of the code. It may seem strange to us of the present time, to find that there was so much empiricism in a profession now so far from mystery. Yet it was, unquestionably, the case in that day. And those acquainted with the urbanity of the present judges in our country, can hardly imagine how difficult it was for a young lawyer to go on against the overbearing and austere man-

manner of every creature, great or small, then called a judge. Mr. Adams first discovered his lofty spirit of independence, by breaking in upon these encroachments of arbitrary power. The learning and spirit of the young advocate were soon taken notice of by the bar and made known to his clients. As early as 1765, he was associated with Otis and others in the great cause of liberty, in appearing before the governor and council to argue with them upon the stamp act, and to insist, at all events, *'that the courts should administer justice without stamped paper.'* He had been about twelve years at the bar when he was called upon to act as of counsel for Captain Preston and his soldiers, who were to be tried for an alleged murder of certain citizens of Boston. Mr. Adams was well aware of the popular indignation against these prisoners, and he was at this time a representative of Boston in the general court, which office depends entirely upon popular favor; but he knew what was due to his profession and to himself, and hazarded the consequences. The trial was well managed. The captain severed in his trial from the soldiers, who were tried first, and their defence rested, in part, upon the orders, real or supposed, given by the officer to his men to fire. This was, in a good measure, successful. On the trial of Captain Preston, no such order to fire could be proved. The result was as it should have been, an acquittal. It was

a glorious thing that the counsel and jury had nerve sufficient to breast the torrent of public feeling. It showed Britain that she had not a mere mob to deal with, but resolute and determined men, who could restrain themselves. *'Such men are dangerous to arbitrary power.'* At this time, Gridley was dead, and the intellectual lamp of Otis was flickering and decreasing, if, indeed, the ray of reason was partially left; and Mr. Adams had but few to contend with him in the race. Sewall and Leonard were leaning to the side of power, and were supporting the ministry in the papers of the day. Mr. Adams appeared under a feigned name, as was the usual mode of discussing subjects at that time, and met the crown writers with great vigor and success. He soon saw that the question must be settled by arms, and calmly made up his mind for the event, even to martyrdom. He knew the spirit of New England and her resources; and he insisted that the former could never be destroyed, however long the struggle might last. Not a single word ever escaped him that looked like doubt or despair. When the question of independence was agitated in the continental congress, he was fully prepared—his soul was lighted up by its fires, and his mouth was filled with the arguments it inspired. So full and so forcible was his reasoning on this subject, that when he had finished his speech on some previous motion, which involved the merits

of this question, even his friends were astonished that he had matured the subject so well.

In 1780, Mr. Adams was sent to Holland, with full powers from congress to negotiate for a loan, for that body had seen the pernicious effects of a paper currency without some of the precious metals to redeem it, in part, if not to a full extent. Money at all events must be had. The sword-arm of the nation would have soon fallen from its socket without this sinew of war. Holland was rich, and, as we hoped, kindly disposed to these colonies, for she had once redeemed herself from a foreign yoke, and had, of course, a sympathy for those making similar exertions ; still she was a cautious merchant, and although not without patriotic sentiments, made shrewd calculations upon the chances of our success in the struggle, and of our future ability to refund the loan, if successful. The minister saw at a glance the disposition of the *authorities*, and the course to be pursued, and set about it without delay. It was to make them acquainted with us ; to develop our resources and capacities, if we were successful ; to explain the extent of our country ; the nature of the soil and its productions ; the hardihood, enterprise and industry of the people ; their frugal habits, their simplicity and purity of manners, and the rapid increase of population. All these were to be made clear before the vaults of the bank could be opened. That we had no

money at that time, was nothing to them, for their mercantile and financial sagacity had established some new axioms in political economy. Nations had been considered rich in proportion to the sums in the treasury; they thought a nation wealthy when the people had industrious habits and ready means of business, and could pursue it without shackles. Mr. Adams spared no pains to give them correct information. The Dutch were convinced, and the loan effected. A courtier with flexible principles and polished manners, with sufficient means for display, and for less honest purposes, may gain fame as a negociator, at an easy price; but to leave a country almost unknown to the great mass of Europeans, and in a state of revolutionary war, and under these circumstances to ask for money—the worst of all matters of negociation—and to obtain it by intelligence, and energy of character, has no parallel in the history of diplomacy.

Mr. Adams was one of the commissioners who signed the treaty of peace in 1783. His share in that great business will hereafter be more fully known, but it is not improper to say at this time, that to him we are indebted for the preservation of the fisheries.

As our first minister to England, he conducted with so much judgment, dignity, and courtesy, as to exalt himself and his country, and to conciliate the feelings and to gain the respect and confidence of the one he was nigh.

As Vice President of the United States he presided over the senate with impartiality, readiness, dignity and intelligence ; never yielding his rights to obstreperous contumely, for party purposes, or ever infringing the rights of others, by petulant assumptions of prerogative.

Of him as President we shall say nothing, for fear of bringing up, in the minds of some, an allusion to politics, which are banished from these consecrated walls on this day ; but it can give no pain to any one to hear it said, that in his administration, Truxton, Preble, Shaw, and others, ushered in the dawn of our naval fame.

Thomas Jefferson was born in Virginia, on the second day of April, 1743. He was educated at William and Mary College, and on leaving this seminary he went into the office of Chancellor Wythe, a gentleman of great celebrity in his day. Mr. Jefferson commenced practice quite young, and soon acquired distinction in his profession. In 1769 he was found in the legislature of Virginia, as an active member. He took an enlarged view of the principles of a free government, and expressed them with great boldness. In 1774 he wrote and published his 'summary view of the rights of British America,' which gave him no small share of fame, which was still greatly increased by his reply, prepared as one of the committee of the assembly, to the propositions of the British Minister to the Governor of Virginia. In

1775 he took his seat as a member of the general congress, at Philadelphia. Virginia had then felt but little of the encroachment of arbitrary power, but Mr. Jefferson saw that yielding principles would invite aggressions. In this august body he soon became conspicuous. The fame he had acquired in his native state followed him to Philadelphia, and his exertions there were well calculated to secure and enhance it. It was his good fortune while in this body to draft the *Declaration of Independence*. The subject had been privately discussed and settled, and the remaining question then was, on the form in which it should come before the world in justification of the procedure.

In 1779 Mr. Jefferson was made Governor of Virginia; and during his administration, that 'traitor-fiend,' Benedict Arnold, made an incursion into Virginia, with a formidable force, and the Governor had no troops to oppose him. Some of the Hotspurs of the day thought he might have done something to have checked the progress of the enemy, but time has settled the question in favor of the course Mr. Jefferson pursued, as wise and correct. In 1781, when we had hardly seen an American book upon statisticks, Mr. Jefferson wrote his Notes on Virginia, to answer and refute the assertion, '*that man was belittled in America,*' as had been stated by some prejudiced travellers from Europe. In 1782 he was appointed to join our envoys in France, but before he could

get ready to sail, a treaty of peace had been signed; and on hearing of this news, he considered his voyage unnecessary. In 1784 he was a commissioner with Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, to attend to our national affairs in Europe, with full powers to make treaties with such nations as should be thought advisable. A treaty was at this time made with Prussia. When Dr. Franklin returned to America, Mr. Jefferson was appointed his successor in France. The political feuds in that country, at that time, prevented any further negotiations with the government, and gave the American Minister an opportunity to enjoy the society of the learned men who then figured at Paris. In 1789 he returned to his native country, and instantly on his arrival was appointed Secretary of State under President Washington, which office he resigned in 1794. In 1797 he was elected Vice President of the United States, and in 1801, President, in which office he continued eight years, and then retired to private life. He lived in a period, as his contemporary did, of difficulty and trial, with friends and enemies, calmly pursuing his own course. When his advocates and his opposers are gone, the future historian will discuss the merits of his administration. Since his retirement from the duties of office, he has been constantly engaged in some plan for the good of mankind. Being one of the early converts to the efficacy of vaccination,

as a preventative of that awful scourge of mankind, the small pox, he not only labored to extend the blessing throughout the Commonwealth of Virginia, and also to the aborigines of our western wilds, to whom this pestilence was even more dreadful than to civilized society. The medical skill of the natives of the forests did not reach even an assuagent of this malady. They opposed flight or moral courage to the dread of an attack of this disease. Whole tribes were swept away at once. This philanthropist exerted himself to bring the Indians to a belief in this preventative; and coming from so great and kind a father as Mr. Jefferson, they thought that it must have been sent him from the Great Spirit, and they yielded to the process of inoculation without opposition.

The first continental congress, of which Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson were members, was an assemblage of truly great men. In times of danger, all eyes rest on the most able and worthy. It is only in times of party and animosity, that we trust our dearest interests with those, who, forgetting their own dignity, will act only on narrow principles, for selfish purposes. It was a band of men who wore no concealed dagger for their enemies, but which spoke a thousand, in their calm, cautious, and manly proceedings. The fate of unborn millions was in their charge. With them every talent found its appropriate use. Danger and responsibility seemed to purge their mental

vision with *euphrasy*, to ken the peculiar traits of character each possessed. The martial air, the spotless integrity, and the well tried ability and courage of Washington, pointed him out for a leader of the armies to be raised in support of the measures which had been, or were about to be adopted. They wisely acted in conclave on all important questions, that the world at large, nor even their own friends around them, should witness any disagreement among the members of that body. Franklin, that great reader of the characters of men, and of the disposition of nations, was early sent abroad to conciliate, to examine, to report, and to act, when it should be thought wise and expedient so to do. Laurens and Lee were sometimes with him, before Adams was sent to join him—men of fashion and honor, and who represented an important portion of our country. To show the wisdom of that body, from those who first assembled at Philadelphia to those who acted at the close of the war, we need only examine their journals, manifestos, and other state papers. They contain no boastings, no furious denunciations of those stung to madness, whose fury increases their weakness; no overwhelming joy at success; but those calm remonstrances, those dignified upbraidings, those cautious expressions of self respect, which carried with them the soul of high resolve and unyielding purpose. The gaze of the world was upon them. The

friends of freedom were wishing them success, and the advocates for powers, dominions, and thrones, loading them with imprecations, and denouncing them as rebels. Such, amidst all these things, was the firmness of their step, and the rapidity of their march, that their friends increased and their enemies were diminished. The great nations of Europe were directly engaged in the struggle, and hope grew fresher every hour, as the conflict proceeded. The little fluctuations of hope and fear, at home, were carefully concealed from those at a distance. At length success crowned their labors, and peace came with some of its blessings and many of its dangers. It required as much talent, or more, to form a government suited to our wants, capacities and interests; one which would contain principles sufficiently expansive for present purposes and for our future growth, as it did to resist oppression, and to direct the means to the ends in obtaining freedom. All was achieved, and the leading men in every part of our country who exerted themselves in this second Herculean labor, ought to be remembered as well as those who performed the first. In truth, they were nearly all the same persons, a few only had grown up to assist them.

It is common in the history of man, to find those who for years had been rivals for power and fame when living, become co-heirs of glory when dead. Ancient and modern times are full

of such instances. The two great rival statesmen, Cimon and Pericles, who alternately swayed the volatile opinions of the Athenians, and wielded the thunder of that important republic, found the same honest historian, who freely discussed their several merits, and left it on record ; and the great warriors of Rome, Cæsar and Pompey, have been united, and compared in all ages succeeding that in which they lived. In more modern times, Holland and Chatham have come down to us together, and their sons, Fox and Pitt, who for more than twenty years were the theme of admiration of one party or the other in England, are now placed side by side in their graves, and their eloquence, and their deeds, are written on the same page of history ; so it has been, so it will be. If ordinary men chance to die in high places, the eulogist is constrained to cull from the *barren heath* of their lives, here and there a flower to make up a garland for their hearse, but when truly great men leave the world, we may speak of them before their ashes are cold, as if they had been dead a century. The men whose decease we have met to commemorate, were great men. Adams was a man of robust intellect and of martial feelings ; he had in his elements much of the old New England hardihood, and that quickness which they had to feel an insult. Jefferson was shrewd, quick, philosophical and excursive in his views, and kept at all times such a command over

his temper, that no one could discover the workings of his soul. The deep discerner of character of ancient days, if he had studied these men, would probably have said, the former belonged to the school of Socrates, and the latter to that of Seneca. Their minds were not only different in their elementary properties, but education had made the difference still wider. Adams was born and educated on the seaboard, and practised law in a seaport *'whose merchants were princes, and whose traffickers were among the honorable of the earth.'* He entered deeply into the views of this class of men; and commerce, and its protector, a navy, were the desire of his heart from the first dawn of the revolution. Jefferson was a planter, the son of a planter, and his first impressions were of extended lands and literary and philosophical ease. Agricultural pursuits had more charms for him than commerce. The productions of their pens also mark the difference in their mode of thinking and reasoning. Adams grasped at facts drawn from practical life, and instantly reasoned upon them. Jefferson saw man and his nature through generalities, and formed his opinions by philosophical inductions of a more theoretical cast. In the writings of Adams, you sometimes find the abruptness and singularity of the language of prophecy; in those of Jefferson, the sweet wanderings of the descriptive and the lovely creations of the inventive muse. When these

great men first met, the subject was so important they were called to consider, that not only they but most of their compeers seemed made with similar feelings and dispositions. There was such a necessity of concert and harmony, that the lights and shades of character could not be minutely displayed. When the great labor was finished, there was more leisure to compare opinions on subjects which were minor in their nature and effect.

In a few years after our constitution was established, but when the machine was hardly in operation, in all its parts, an event happened which divided the opinions of the wise, and shook many of the settled axioms in politics. This was the French revolution. Adams, reasoning from the nature of man as he had practically found him, had fears from the first, that freedom would gain but little by the throes and struggles for liberty in France. The note of joy for deliverance, to his ear, contained the fearful tone of delirium. His letter to Dr. Price, an enthusiastic believer in the success of the lovers of freedom, contains a view of the subject that seems bordering upon that prescient wisdom which belongs to superior beings. He had seen France, when she *'before the cross believed and slept,'* and had watched her *encyclopedists* and *illuminees*, and beheld them silently laying their trains and maturing their plans for the awful explosion. He

feared that in breaking their chains, the limbs they bound would be lacerated and destroyed. Jefferson lived with these men of letters, and saw them through the lovely medium of literature and the sciences, and discovered so many of them to be honest and amiable, and wishing for no more than every good man could ask, and defending their theories with all the beauties of rhetoric and the charms of eloquence, he believed with these disciples of liberty, that after a few spasms of frenzy, France would enjoy the blessings of an ameliorated government. In this opinion he was supported by many politicians of great experience in every civilized country, and it was too delightful a vision for a philanthropist suddenly to give up. Every thing done in France had a bearing upon the United States. The coal was taken from our altar by which the fire was kindled there, and we were proud to think that it first descended from heaven to us. Gratitude to the French nation for assisting us in our struggle, united to an inborn love of freedom, blinded the eyes and influenced the judgments of many honest and fair minded men. Every politician cast his horoscope and made his own astrological calculations at the birth of the French revolution, and this country was bewildered in the disagreement of the results.

I rejoice for my country that these great minds assimilated in so many things, and differed in so

many others. There was much to be done for the growth of the country in every department of a great republic. No mind could embrace all branches of duty. No one individual could think of every thing necessary to be done. While Franklin was stealing the lightning from the clouds, Washington was taking lessons from British generals. If Fulton and Perkins had been village politicians, it would have been, in all probability, a long time before we should have seen a stereotype check-plate, or witnessed the rapid movements of a steam-boat. If Adams had been a midland agriculturalist, our navy, of which he is now justly styled the father, might to this day have consisted of a few small vessels, fit only for coasting about our waters, and perhaps with the addition of a few feeble floating batteries for sea-coast defence. Or if Jefferson had been a great military commander, fond of the *pomp, pride, and circumstance of war*, Louisiana might not have been ours to this day. It is true, that we might have possessed it by conquest, after a waste of lives and treasure; but such possessions are always uncertain. The territory won by war, is always ready to change masters, and never loses its thirst for blood, and a disposition to convulsions; but when obtained by fair purchase and common consent, its land marks are permanent, its disposition quiet, and the title deeds are recorded in the annals of history, and considered legal by all nations.

In many opinions and acts these great men resembled each other; both labored incessantly in their native States; each assisted in framing the Constitution of the Commonwealth in which he resided. There is hardly an institution in Massachusetts, for the improvement of the arts, sciences and letters, to which Mr. Adams did not largely contribute—and Jefferson's name is a synonyme of the University of Virginia; and to him are we indebted for the charter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which he brought from Germany, an Alpha of which is extended to six colleges in the United States. It is an admirable incentive to literary ambition. Both were free from that disease so incident to old age—that malady, which checks the best impulses of the heart, and in time impairs the mind by deadening the moral sense—avarice. Jefferson, after all his opportunities to amass wealth, died poor, and Adams was not rich. They labored for others, and forgot themselves, in that prosperous period in our history, when it almost literally rained gold. In another instance they were alike—in youth they had the gravity of years, and in old age the freshness of youth. The elixir they drank to give an imperishable bloom to their minds, was the rich and varied literature of the day; they kept pace with the rapid current of knowledge as it flowed along, and seized every new publication with the eagerness of a fresh appetite. Their lives prove to us

that the method of embalming the mental faculties is not lost; it is to keep them in the perpetual sunshine of vigorous intellects, and braced up by the outpourings of kindred spirits. The extensive correspondence their numerous acquaintances and their rank in society necessarily brought upon them, and of which, at times, they complained as onerous, probably did much to keep up a healthy mental action. They were obliged to think on such a variety of subjects, and condense their thoughts in giving pertinent answers to a thousand questions, that their faculties could not slumber. They were often teased by repeated intrusion, but no querulous expression ever escaped them. Nothing of that drivelling about the virtues and intelligence of a former age, and its superiority over the present, ever came from their pens. Every day, visitors from all parts of the world thronged to their hospitable mansions, and were honored with a cordial reception. The politicians of every party were seen in their saloons, and men of every religious creed came to them for counsel and assistance in building up their establishments. No two men in this, or any other country, have done so much for religious freedom as Adams and Jefferson—and, without this, all liberty is a mockery. Thus blessing and being blessed, these patriarchs marched on to the confines of time, and united in eternity. Their reputations are now the common property of the nation, and the care of

preserving them for future generations is now committed to this—to the young, in a particular manner; for they have come forward since the bitterness of party distinctions has been lost. Alive to every thing which is connected with the honor and prosperity of their country, they feel none of the irritations which existed with their fathers. The feuds of former days are matters of history, not of remembrance to them. It is affectionate, pious and patriotic, to cherish the memories of those who left us this goodly heritage—this land of liberty, of knowledge, of free institutions, and of glorious prospects—this land where no exclusive orders exist, except those created by virtue, wisdom and genius. To the dead of our country we are not only indebted for our places and our social and moral habits, but for the fountains of thought and lessons of wisdom which they have transmitted to us. While their precepts are before us, their example should not be forgotten. Their characters should be traced on the walls of the house of God, and written on monuments of stone.

How full of interest is the thought, that many, very many, of you who are present this day, will live in health and vigor until the next jubilee shall come, and a century shall have been completed since the birth day of our nation; and not a few of those now in active life, and well acquainted with the history of the past fifty years, not from

books alone, but from living chronicles, may also see that day. The youth of this age have caught the spirit of their fathers, and will carry a double portion of it to transmit to the next. The first builders of this grand political fabric are gone, or gathering themselves in their beds to die; those who now support the great work of freedom will soon follow them; and you, young men, must be prepared to take the burden upon yourselves. But be not impatient for the task; rather be anxious to qualify yourselves for it when it comes. When in the course of nature and providence you must take the places of your fathers, bring to your high destinies lessons of wisdom drawn from those gone before you. Your advantages are of a much higher grade than those your ancestors enjoyed. They found the way through the forest by the blazed trees and the faint trails of those who had pioneered the way, and sometimes were obliged to go on when there was no track of civilization to be seen. Public high-ways are now prepared for you to travel, and mile-stones are placed all along the road, to guide and cheer you on the journey. In the morning of life, all is pleasant and peaceful; but as you advance, you will find that it is the fate of man, to *act*, to *suffer*, and to *mourn*; but knowledge, virtue, philosophy and religion, will teach you how to sustain yourselves in every part you have to perform in

life. Be true to yourselves, and your country will be safe.

The youths of Rome, once a year, left the sacred groves of Egeria, to visit the tomb of Numa, the founder of the religious rites, the civil institutions, and literary taste of the country. On that hallowed ground, they caught the inspiration of virtue and the love of learning, and returned with a fonder relish for the fountains of knowledge and a quickened devotion to the god of wisdom. Go, ye young men of my country, oftener than once a year, to visit the tombs of your fathers. No man ever was great who did not live much among the dead. To gather true lessons of experience, we must travel back through every age of time to the birth of creation, and contemplate the progress of each succeeding generation. The youthful soldier braces his nerves and warms his soul by thinking on those who fell in the cause of liberty, from the battle of Marathon to that which closed the last scene of the great drama of our revolution. The youthful speaker kindles his genius at the perpetual lamps which are burning in the tombs of the orators of antiquity; and the young statesman draws his maxims of wisdom and prudence from the codes and commentaries of the master spirits of former ages. We are no longer the new men of the new world. We have a noble inheritance in the fame of our ancestors.

To value this possession justly, we must imitate their virtues, by raising the standard of information and purifying the currents of freedom. Some Plutarch, we trust, will soon arise in our country, gifted with all the requisites of the biographer, who will weave in one bright wreath of glory, the great men we have mourned as they rested from their labors.

On the page sparkling with gems of rare merit, set by such a hand, shall appear other worthies than those we are this day called to commemorate. On the ample page, by such a hand, the Cato of that age, the elder Adams, shall be found shining in the adamantine firmness of his stern virtues. There shall be minutely traced the effects of a religious character upon the turbulent waves of popular commotion, and the tones of liberty, so appalling to an oppressor's ear, shall be preserved in thought to be thundered in the ears of tyrants to the end of time. There too, shall be seen the quick and intelligent eye of Paine, flashing with the fires of an indignant spirit, as when he put his hand to the Declaration of Independence, and swore, on his country's altar, to die in defence, or live to enjoy the blessings of freedom. High up the escutcheon, and boldly on the emblazonment, shall polished Hancock stand, wearing the triple wreath of honor—for his services as a statesman—for his munificent donations to public institutions—and for his constant exer-

tions as a patron of literature and the arts, united to a fostering care of genius and merit of every description. There also, the youthful President of the Continental Congress, full of heroism, adorned with the charms of literature and the graces of eloquence—fierce to his enemies as the chafed lion, but to those engaged in the same cause with him, ‘sweet as summer,’ shall stand forth, radiant in imperishable glory, and be hailed in every coming age as the first great martyr of liberty. The value of the sacrifice shall not be forgotten when the *bust shall crumble and the column fall*, and those gods of the earth who trusted to ‘*pyramidic pride*’ for immortality, shall be remembered no more. By his side shall stand, crowned with unfading laurels, the hero of Bunker Hill, who raised the first redoubt of liberty, and laid each sod with an invocation to the spirits of the brave provincials sleeping in their beds of glory on our frontiers.* This little mound was watered by the blood of the brave, and from it sprung such deathless flowers to bind the warrior’s brow, as grow on Grecian plains and Helvetian hills.

Not only in prose, but in verse shall they be

*Colonel Prescott, during the night previous to the battle of Bunker Hill, while erecting the redoubt, frequently reminded his officers and men of the reputation the provincials had won at Lake George and Ticonderoga, at which places he had been with several of them, and earnestly entreated them not to tarnish that fame so nobly acquired.

celebrated; for some future Homer shall arise and erect in epic glory, and by the magic of numbers, another Pantheon of mind, and place in his proper niche each worthy of the revolution, from aged Nestor to fierce Ajax, and all accomplished Hector. There, by the sublimity, the fire, the sweetness, the elegance, and the truth of his poetry, shall those who reasoned and those who fought find eternal fame in the faithfulness of his delineations. From these youths of the schools, now with us, may the biographer and the poet come—they have caught the spirit of this, and will breathe it to another age.

The light shining on one ancient grave, will reach to another, until their commingled radiance will form a pillar of fire to guide posterity through every night of danger that may come upon our nation. If darkness should gather around and shroud us, the brave defenders of their country will be enabled by its blaze to whet their swords on the tombs of Washington and Green, and the statesmen to read their duty in the epitaphs of Adams and Jefferson.





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